

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

REMEMBER
THERE IS NO NEED TO
SEND AWAY FOR YOUR
PRINTING!

The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

GOOD AD-
VERTISING
MEDIUM!

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1911

NO. 27.

WINTER NEEDS

Blankets, Comfortables, Warm
Underclothing, Heavy ready-to-wear
Clothing, Overshoes, Rubbers and
Hosts of other Goods, all at Lowest Prices

Watch this Space
we will have lots of genuine Bargains
to offer during the winter.

AT D. BASSEN'S

THE NEW Church Hymn Book
The Book of Common Praise
Would be an Acceptable Reminder for your
Church of England Friends. Prices 35c's. to \$2.75-
For sale at the "Greetings Office"

Mine Accidents in Canada.

Statistics recently compiled by the Commission of Conservation show that the death rate in Canadian coal mines is much higher than in any other civilized country. In 1902, the year of the Fernie disaster, the death rate per 100 men employed (above and below ground) reached the maximum rate of 13.25. The average rate for the ten years preceding 1910, however, was 4.79. The United States comes next with an average rate for the same period of 3.43. Perhaps the worst aspect of the situation is the fact that the death rate from coal mine accidents has been steadily on the increase in Canada for a number of years. The minimum rate of 1.83 was reached in 1897. In 1909 the rate was 4.21. During the same time there has been a steady decrease in all the leading European countries.

It would, of course, be unreasonable to expect that the loss of life and property could entirely be done away with, but experience has shown that careful investigation of the conditions will point the way to the remedying of many abuses. That the danger inherent in coal mining can be largely eliminated is shown by the low, constant death rates in Belgium and Great Britain. Coal mine explosions are much more frequent in Canada and the United States than in any of the European countries. The following example is exceedingly significant. In 1850 the fatality rate in the Belgian coal mines was as high as the present Canadian death rate, while at present it averages the lowest in the world. This decline in the death rate was due to the combined efforts of the mine owners, the workmen and the Administration of Mines; to the diffusion of technical and professional knowledge and to the administrative organization for the scientific study of accidents.

Although the death rate in metalliferous mines in Canada is lower than in the coal mines, it is much higher than in any

of the European countries. The death rate in Canada for the period 1900-1909 was 3.82.

With the exception of the Kimberly diamond mines and the Transvaal where native and Chinese labor are employed, the fatality rate during this period (1900-1909) was considerably lower elsewhere than in Canada. It requires no discussion to emphasize the importance of an inquiry into the whole subject of fatal accidents in the mines of Canada.—Gov. Paper.

New York's Mayor Raps

Schools.
New York, Dec. 15.—That the school system prevailing generally in the large cities of this country is a failure was the statement made to-day by Mayor Gaynor in an address to the newly appointed members of the Board of Education of New York.

"We are trying to teach the school children too much," he said. "The result is that we do not teach them well. Too many subjects are taught the children. Our school children are submerged they just about have their noses above water struggling to breathe."

"We are now bringing boys and girls out of the common schools who are taught so much and who think they know so much that they won't work any longer with their hands. The girls refuse to do housework. There is a shortage of workers all over the country. We are teaching things that are unnecessary to make good citizens. We are teaching languages in the schools and I would like to meet one child that has come out of the school knowing a language."

Austria's Hint.

Italy sees a pointed hint in Count Aehrenthal's address to the Hungarian delegation in which he expressed the hope that "the force and authority of Turkey would remain intact." The meaning of

the hint is, of course, obvious. Italy is not to beat Turkey to the earth. But a hint from Vienna has lost a good deal of nugging power at Rome. Italy is very apt to ask herself just why Austria desires Turkey to be left "intact" for the present when she herself began the dissection process by cutting away Bosnia, and when she so notoriously hopes to complete it by carving out a road to Salonika.

The answer might possibly seem to Rome to be that Austria is not now in a position to assert her "claims," owing to the temporary impotence of the Germanic powers; while there was never so good a time for Italy to make good her "claim" to Albania. Nor is it likely that Italy's new friends seriously object to her establishment across the path, or at least beside it, that certain German powers expect to tread to the Argentinian. The beating down of Turkey is, of course, a far bigger question; but if Italy were to believe that her opportunity confronted her today and might be gone tomorrow, the members of the Triple Entente could hardly do otherwise than follow her lead. That is one of the unfortunate results of the present situation—any one Power can involve the rest in practically any adventure it fancies. When the concert of Europe is dissolved, the world is a lawless camp of freebooters.

Russia is clearly acting in Persia on the theory that "now is the time." Italy acted on that theory in Tripoli, France is taking possession of Morocco. Britain is not moving anywhere because she has no desire for more territory and heavier burdens. But if Italy were to reach out for Albania or pursue a policy towards Turkey which would lead to the easy relinquishment of that Province who is to say "Nay?" At all events Rome will not take a Viennese hint as decisive. It is quite aware that, for the moment, the new Quadruple Entente is in command.—Montreal Star.

Subscribe to the Greetings

FRAULEY BROTHERS GREAT January Sale

Commences, Sat., Jan. 13th., Ends Sat., Jan. 20th.

Great Price Reductions! Seven Days of Wonderful Bargains!
25% off Discount on Mens & Boys Suits, Overcoats, Furnishings, Etc.

The Entire Stock Must be Turned into Cash

Boy's	\$ 3.00	Suits	\$ 2.25	Men's	\$15.00	Suits	\$11.2	Boy's	\$5.50	Overcoats	\$4.13
"	4.50	Suits	3.38	"	20.	Suits	15.	"	7.	Overcoats	5.25
"	5.00	Suits	3.75	"	5.50	Reefers	4.13	Men's	7.50	Overcoats	6.63
"	2.50	Reefers	1.88	"	6.50	Reefers	4.88	"	10.	Overcoats	7.50
Men's	9.00	Suits	6.75	Children's	3.75	Overcoats	2.82	"	12.	Overcoats	9.
"	10.00	Suits	7.50	Children's	4.	Overcoats	3.	"	15.	Overcoats	11.25
"	11.25	Suits	8.44	Children's	5.	Overcoats	3.75	"	16.50	Overcoats	12.38
"	13.50	Suits	10.13	Boy's	4.75	Overcoats	3.57	"	20.	Overcoats	15.

Very Special We have a few Boy's Overcoats, sizes 26 to 30 and about 20 Boy's Suits which we will sell AT HALF PRICE During This Sale!

Men's and Boy's Hats and Caps, Working Shirts, Dress Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, Gloves, Mitts, Hosiery, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Armbands, Garters, Night Shirts, Sweaters, Toques, Men's and Boy's Pants, Trunks and Suit Cases, at money saving prices. For every dollar's worth you buy, we hand you back 25 cents.

FOOTWEAR

Everything in Boots, Shoes and Slippers of all kinds, Felt and Rubber Footwear, at a special discount of 10 per cent., during the sale. In addition to above, we have some special values in Footwear of different kinds, broken lots etc., which for want of space we cannot mention here, but which are going to be sold regardless of what they cost. It will pay you to come in and see these lines. You cannot afford to miss this golden opportunity.

Stockinette at 16 & 21cts. A few pieces of Floor Oilcloth at 26cts. per yard.

REMEMBER THE DATE

Saturday, Jany. 13th. to Saturday, Jany. 20th.

FURS

Entire Stock of Furs of all kinds at a Special Discount of 20 off

FURS

Specials Yarn, white, Grey & Black, 49cts. per pound. Wool Stockinette at 13, 16 & 19cts. Cashmere

Special Prices & Discounts for Cash Only

FRAULEY BROS.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Its Fame Grows 101 Years 1810-1911

Sufferers from Rheumatism
Lame Back, Swellings, Sprains, Lameness—there is quick relief for you in

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Hundreds of thousands have been able to testify to its curative powers in the last 100 years. Great remedy taken internally for Diarrhoea, Coughs, Colds, etc.

PARSONS' PILLS
Tone the system.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

LETANG
(Late for Last Week.)

Mrs. Jas. T. Hinds has arrived home after spending a week at Bocahec and St. Stephen.

Miss Mina McVicar of Milltown who has been the guest of Mrs. Robt. McKay for a short time returned to Milltown on Monday last.

Arthur Robinson has returned after spending the Xmas holidays with friends in Windsor, N. S.

Miss Winifred Hinds is spending the holidays at her home here.

A number of young people gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Leavitt jr. on Monday evening and a pleasant evening was spent in games and amusements.

Miss Florence Coe's is home again after spending a few weeks with friends at Lake Utopia.

Mrs. Clinton Ingalls with her son and daughter have returned home after spending a week with friends in Lubec, Me.

LEONARDVILLE
(Crowded out last week)

A wedding of much interest took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Cline when their daughter Pearl Wilson was united in marriage to Roland A. Leslie of this place. The occasion was prettily decorated for the occasion and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Opie of Oak Bay in the presence of their friends. The bride received many presents. After the ceremony refreshments were served.

Alonso H. Conley who has been confined to the house for two weeks with a severe cold is recovering.

Miss Mary B. Conley who has been spending her Xmas vacation with her parents has returned to Caribou Me.

Rev. M. Tomlin and Mr. Keefer of Westport, N. S. are spending their vacation at the home of W. Richardson.

The rite of baptism was administered to Miss Elsie Richardson by Rev. Mr. Tomlin on New Year's day.

Owing to the illness of the pastor Rev. G. Sparks, there was no meeting in the Methodist church Sunday.

Miss Nina Cammick of Eastport is spending her vacation with her cousin Lillian Doughty.

H. S. Welch who has been visiting relatives in Wakefield, Mass., has returned home.

MASCARENE
Crowded out last week.

Misses Hazel and Clara Dines of Letete are visiting Mrs. A. Henderson.

Mrs. Wm. Campbell was calling on friends Saturday.

Misses Flora Stuart and Jennie Leland called on Edith Chambers Sunday.

S. S. Dines of Letete passed through here Tuesday enroute for St. George.

Mrs. C. Stewart and son Clayton spent Monday with Flora Stuart.

John Chambers of Letang is helping Recoe Burgess cut box wood this week.

Bruce McVicar called on Walter McKenzie recently.

John McKenzie was calling on friends Saturday afternoon.

Theodore Hickey visited friends here recently.

The young folks are taking advantage of the good skating.

LORD'S COVE

Mrs. Carl Garlner left on Wednesday for St. Stephen where she will enter the Chipman Hospital for medical treatment. She was accompanied by Mrs. Alanzo Stuart.

Dan Lambert arrived on Thursday last with a load of clams for the Mac Donald Packing Co. Sailor Eaton arrived Friday with eighty bbls. of clams for the same firm.

Chester and Eva Johnson of North West Harbor are working in the clam factory here.

The Christian Church held its annual business meeting on Wednesday last and was well attended.

Herbert Stuart and wife attended church here on Sunday last.

Wm. Cook and wife are guests of Mrs. K. Penleton.

All were glad to see Luther Lambert able to be out again.

Miss Edna O'Brien of St. George is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Mesty Stuart called on Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Stuart on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lambert are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy.

Miss Pearl Lambert is living with Mrs. Bessie Lambert.

Mrs. Harvey Leonard and Mrs. Philena Stuart spent Monday evening with Mrs. Mesty Stuart.

Rev. E. Davidson called on friends in Stuart Town on Friday.

We are sorry to report Samuel Penleton on the sick list.

Mrs. Frank Leeman arrived home on Thursday after a very pleasant visit with her sister in St. Stephen.

Miss Irene Lambert called on her sister Mrs. Frank McLaughlin recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Calder spent Sunday at Fair Haven.

Mrs. Kenneth Stuart of Stuart Town who has been visiting her parents returned home on Monday.

We are sorry to report Edgar Martin on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Calder spent Sunday with Mrs. Clementine Stuart.

Joseph Stuart is cutting wood for Jas. Cline.

Jed Lord still continues ill.

Sydney and Mark Lord spent Sunday at their home here.

Mrs. Wallace Lambert who has had a bad sore throat is recovering.

Teresa Stuart visited Daisy Leeman recently.

Warren Richardson called on friends in Stuart Town recently.

Dr. Minor of St. Stephen made a professional call here on Saturday last, he is attending Mrs. Thos. Smith.

Mamie Penleton is ill with rheumatism.

Jas. Ward made a business trip to Battery Point recently.

BEAVER HARBOR

Mrs. Fulton Cross and Miss Alice Hutton spent Wednesday in St. George.

Emma Eldridge returned on Wednesday from a week's visit in St. John.

Miss Ethel Kermighan of St. George has been visiting her friend Lila Hawkins.

Mrs. S. Akerly and Mrs. Wm. Nelson visited friends in Pennfield one day last week.

Blanche Holmes returned to Business College, St. John on Thursday and Violet Hawkins to Normal School, Frederickton, on Monday.

Mrs. Bernard Eldridge was passenger to St. John by Str. Connors Bros. Thursday and returned on Saturday.

Mrs. Wm. Cross and Mrs. Walter Wallin returned home on Saturday from a visit with their parents in Maces Bay.

Neil Cross arrived home on Thursday having spent a few days with friends at Grand Manan.

The advanced dept. of the school here opened on Monday. Mr. Hanes having returned on Saturday. Owing to ill-health, Miss McLaughlin, teacher of the primary dept., will not be able to resume her duties for another week.

Helien Mawhinney who has been spending the vacation at Maces Bay arrived home on Saturday.

Mrs. Margaret Nodding of St. George arrived here on Monday and will spend several weeks with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cross, Blacks Harbor were guests of their daughter Mrs. Oscar Eldridge on Monday.

The monthly meeting of the W. M. A. S. was held at the home of Mrs. George Hutton on Monday evening.

Mr. Flagg of Grand Manan is spending a few days with his daughter.

W. H. Farham, St. Stephen spent Sunday in the village.

Lila Hawkins returned to her duties at St. George on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Medley Wright drove to St. George, Tuesday.

Hayward Sparks and Roy Eldridge visited St. George on Monday.

MISSIONS AND TURKEY
Progress of this Part of Europe Due to Missionary Enterprise.

The first electric telegraph instrument in Turkey was set up by missionaries. They introduced the first sewing-machine, the first printing-press, and the first modern agricultural implements. They brought the tomato and the potato and the other vegetables and fruits that are now staples; they built the first hospitals; they started the first dispensary and the first modern schools. The mighty uplifting force of education came with the mission schools, and is having the tremendous force it has everywhere, in overthrowing old errors and outworn forms of despotism and miracle. The most far-reaching work of the missionaries is educational, which comprehends all races, all religions, and all languages. They are of the different races of which the Turkish Empire is composed, regardless of religious faith—Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Armenians, Kurds, Persians, Macedonians, Bulgars, Druses, Nestorians, Greeks, Russians, Georgians, Circassians, and others too numerous to mention. Their influence is thus extended to every community, because no student leaves an institution without carrying with him the germs of progress which must affect the family and the neighborhood.

Brief but Instructive
The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines.

John Locke.
Let us go upon a long journey and enter on a dreadful search. Let us dig and seek till we have discovered our own opinions.

G. K. Chesterton.
He who is guided by his genius, he who thinks for himself, who thinks spontaneously and exactly, possesses the only compass by which he can steer aright.

Sehopenhauer.
Whoever will be free must make himself free; freedom is no fairy's gift to fall into any man's lap.

Friedrich Nietzsche.
The gifted man is he who sees the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplussage.

Thomas Carlyle.
Men may have rounded Scraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk.

George Meredith.
He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

Swift.
Getting His Money's Worth
Bangs: "I think I'll get married."
Wangs: "You surprise me. I didn't think you had a girl."
Bangs: "I haven't, but a fellow gave me a wedding ring to-day in part payment of a debt, and I've got to get the worth of my money."

During a lesson on the animal kingdom the teacher asked if anyone could give an example of an animal of the order of dentata—that is, one which is without teeth. "I can," cried Tommy, his face beaming with the pleasure of assured knowledge. "Well, what is it?" said the teacher. "Grandpa," he shouted.

Advertisement in Greetings!

A CHANCE TO GET - CLOTHING - CHEAP

Men's Suits

\$7.50 SUITS - NOW	\$6.50
8.50	7.00
10.00	8.00
12.	10.00
15.	12.00
18.	15.00

Men's Winter Overcoats

\$8. COATS NOW	\$6.50
10.	8.25
12.50	10.
15.	12.75

We also have some Good Bargains in Fur Goods These Discounts made for Cash Only

Connors Bros. Ltd
BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

George F. Meating
Custom Tailor
Clothing Cleaned and Pressed
St. George N. B.
Rooms over Milne, Coutts & Co.'s store

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger over your cup of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE.
In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

OTIS W. BAILEY
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
CALAIS, MAINE

The Most Up-to-date Repair Department in connection with this Jewelry Business in Eastern Maine.

All Kinds of 'Work Done

Jewelry matching and repairing, Diamond Mounting, Optical Work-fitting and repairing Class and College Pins and Rings, Gold Chain making and renewing, Watch Case making and repairing Special Attention given to Watch-Work and all work guaranteed as represented.

Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

Minard's Liniment
"THE GREAT PAIN EXPELLER"
"FOR MAN & BEAST"
Price 25 cts. per bottle.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. - LIMITED
MANUFACTURED BY C. E. MINARD & CO. YARMOUTH, N.S.

Windsor Hotel
St. Stephen, N. P.

The Leading Hotel in Town
Rates \$2. to \$3. per Day
Special Rate: by Week or Month

W. F. Nicholson,
Proprietor

Professional Cards

Henry I. Taylor,
M. D., C. M.
Physician and Surgeon,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

C. C. Alexander,
M. D., C. M., MCGILL.
Physician and Surgeon.
Eyes tested for errors in Refraction

With poor teeth or the teeth absent mastication cannot properly take place and the stomach is forced to do the work intended for the teeth resulting in a diseased stomach.

Leading physiologists now declare it their belief that this causes not only gastric ulcers but such serious growths as cancers.

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST

at St. George (in new office which is fitted with every convenience) the last two weeks of every month.

Office Hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.
During office hours teeth extracted without pain 25c.
After hours and Sundays, 50c.

W. S. R. JUSTASON
General Dealer
Pennfield, N. B.

Have your Watch Repaired here in St. George by
Geo. C. McCallum
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

For Sale

1 Horizontal International gasoline engine four horse power—new; 1 double truck-wagon; 1 sulky plough; 1 single truck-wagon; 1 double Brant ford mower; 1 spring-tooth harrow; 1 flexible spike-tooth harrow, double; 1 set double bob-sleds; 1 set single bob-sleds; 1 sloop boat, 16 ton register. Apply to
E. A. Fisher
St. George, N. B.

Boys and Girls,
Help wanted to work in Clam Factory
Houses to Rent to live in while at work in factory.
Apply to
Connors Bros., Ltd.,
Blacks Harbor, N. B.

For Sale
One Second Hand Coal Stove, Medium size in good condition.
Price \$5.00.
Greetings Office.

Guns & Ammunition!
Largest Line! Buy from Us and Save Expressage.
Cherry's, Eastport, Me.

BOAT & HOUSE BUILDING - - MATERIALS
Look Us Over Before Buying
CHERRY'S

SLEDS and SKATES
FINE LINE! BEST GOODS!
CHERRY, EASTPORT

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS
ST. GEORGE, - - N. B.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL, - Editor

-SUBSCRIPTION TERMS-
\$1.00 per year, when paid in advance 75c; to the United States 50c. extra for postage. All subscriptions OUTSIDE the COUNTY payable in advance and will be cancelled on expiring unless otherwise arranged for.

Remittances should be made by Postal Note or Registered Letter.

Advertising Rates--One inch, first insertion 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents; readers in local column 5c. a line; transient want adv. 25c. for one insertion, 50c for three insertions. Transient ads. must be paid for in advance. Rates for yearly or quarterly contracts on application.

All Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the writers name and address.

GRANTING has a well equipped Job Printing Plant, and turns out work with neatness and despatch.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1911

TEEN GOOD REASONS.

Why you should support Your Home Merchant.

- 1 Your home merchant can duplicate prices made by any responsible concern anywhere, on goods of equal quality in the same quantities on the same basis of delivery payment.
- 2 You can examine your purchases in the home store and be assured of satisfaction before investing your money.
- 3 Your home merchant is always willing and ready to make good any error or defective article purchased.
- 4 Your home merchant helps to support through direct and indirect taxation your schools and churches and many other public institutions.
- 5 Your home merchant helps make a good local market for everything you have to sell, and that market, more than any other market, gives your land its present value.
- 6 Your home merchant is your friend ever ready to extend a helping hand in time of need if you but do your part.
- 7 If this country is good enough for you to live in and make your money in, it's good enough to spend it in.
- 8 The best citizens in this country are those who believe in and practice home patronage. Be one of the best.
- 9 The merchant in the distant city gives you nothing without cash, and he will not send cannot do for you many things the local merchant will gladly do. Is this not true?
- 10 Every dollar kept in circulation in this community helps increase property values, every dollar sent out hinders the wheels of progress and helps up some other community at your expense. Is not all this true? -Ex.

Britain To Use Dogs Of War.

Great Britain is to employ war dogs in order to settle a little matter existing between it and the Abhors of Assam, who inhabit a wild and mountainous tract of land between China and India, where Noel Williamson and his party were murdered on March 30 last.

Lord Crewe has sanctioned a punitive expedition against them, and a Ghoorka regiment will march into the unknown, taking with them the Airedale dogs especially ordered from Maj. Richardson by the India office to act as sentries and scouts in the dense jungle.

"This is the first time in the military history of the British Empire that the employment of war dogs has been officially recognized," said Maj. Richardson.

"The Airedales are as near the ideal war dog as it is possible to get. They are hardy and strong and possess good noses and keen ears. One of the dogs that have been chosen to go, while training in the country the other day, 'wind-cel,' that is, scented, a tramp at a distance of 250 yards.

"In the description of the massacre of Williamson's party it was stated that Abhors themselves used dogs when hunting the coolies who were endeavoring to make their escape, and the fact that the Abhors have dogs makes it even more necessary that the British force should employ them, too.

"Our scouting dogs, with the attacking force, will be able to give warning of the enemy before their dogs on the defensive know of our approach."

OTTAWA, Dec. 24, 1911.

A cablegram received today from the International Agricultural Institute, at Rome, contains the following estimates of the 1911 crops. Russian wheat indicates a drop of 114,000,000 bushels as compared with last month's estimate.

The 1911 wheat crop for countries so far reported, aggregating 3,132,267,000 bushels is 98.6 per cent. of that of last year.

The 1911 rye crop for countries so far reported, aggregating 1,550,000,000 bushels, is 94.8 per cent. of that of last year.

The 1911 barley crop for countries so far reported, aggregating 1,562,600,000 bushels is 99.9 per cent. of that of last year.

The 1911 oat crop for countries so far reported, aggregating 3,521,412,000 bushels, is 90.9 per cent. of that of last year.

The 1911 corn crop for countries so far reported, aggregating 3,180,000,000 bushels, is 89.9 per cent. of that of last year.

Mr. Broomhall reports conditions of growing fall cereals in Europe as generally satisfactory.

The oat turn of the United Kingdom potato crop is officially estimated at 7,525,000 tons compared with 6,347,000 tons in 1910. The German crop is estimated at 34,374,000 tons as against 43,468,100 last year.

T. K. Doherty,
Commissioner for Canada.

Singing to the Cows.

English Dairymen Says it Makes Them Give Milk.

Advertisements for good singers to milk cows in England are likely to be common in the near future, as cows, it is now admitted by dairymen, are made happy by the singing of human beings, and when they are happy they yield more milk.

Comfort your cow; if you cannot sing get somebody to play on a flute and profits will go up. That seems to be the new doctrine for dairymen.

Mr. J. W. Gatcombe, a South London dairymen, gave an interesting opinion on this subject.

"Cows are much attracted and comforted by the sound of singing," he said. "Even whistling, providing it is done by a person they like, pleases them."

"This may sound an extraordinary statement, but I think cow keepers will agree with me.

"A cow is a far more intelligent animal than one would think. If a milkman has no sympathy or feeling with animals the cow will be the first to realize it, and will turn sullen and only be milked under protest.

"But given that sympathy and a knack of pleasing animals, a cow will yield all the milk she can give. A happy cow is a far more profitable investment than a sullen cow.

"Singing and music has the same effect upon a cow as upon a baby, while the milkman acts, as it were, in the capacity of a nurse."

COAL OIL IN KITCHEN STOVE STARTED A FIRE.

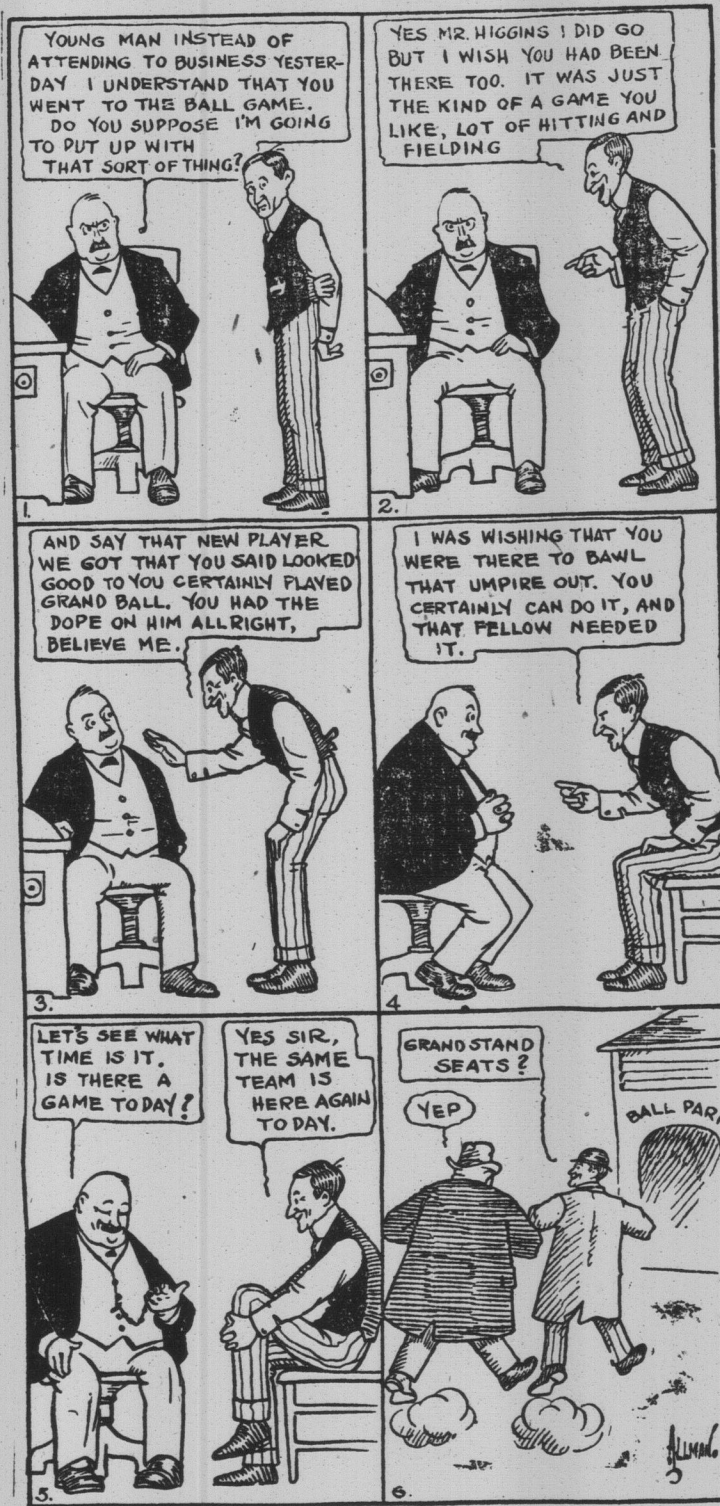
Montreal, Jan. 6. In an attempt to get some rapid heat into his chilly residence, which the cold snap had converted into a first class imitation of a cold storage warehouse, a member of the family of Mr. Peltier, who lives at 786 Sherbrooke St., East, introduced a can of coal oil to the kitchen stove early this morning.

The introduction started a fire which burned out two of the six houses in the dock, and turned half a dozen families into the street in their night attire. This in the middle of the coldest snap Montreal has had this winter, with a temperature at twenty below zero. The firemen had a hard fight to save four other buildings in the block. The loss is \$20,000.

What next? Hon. Sam. Hughes, Minister of Militia, writing to the N. R. A. Journal, London, in approval of rifle shooting, declares that it is his ambition to see every woman and girl, as well as man and boy, able to hit the bull's eye occasionally at 600 yards. -Ex.

Advertise in Greetings.

GETS 'EM EVERY TIME



GETS 'EM EVERY TIME



Neat and Tasty
Printing
Greetings Office

SHINGLES

During September and October we will make Special Prices on Cedar Shingles, in order to close out Our Stock
St. George Pulp & Paper Co.

Union Foundry & Machine Works, Ltd.
WEST ST, JOHN, N. B.

GEO. H. WARING, Manager

Engineers and Machinists. Iron and Brass Moulders
Makers of Saw Mill Machinery and Engines
Shafting Pulleys and Gears Stone Cutting and Polishing Machinery
Bridge Castings and Bolt Work

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

J. B. SPEAR

Undertaker and Funeral Director

A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

Telephone at Residence

All goods delivered free

Prices to suit the people

THE PROGRESS MADE IN KOREA

Japanese Have Made Great Improvements in New Territory Recently Acquired.

Since the Japanese took over the control of Korea they have opened there 123 primary schools; 33 sericulture training schools; 21 training schools for weaving; 13 sericulture workshops; 8 training schools for the manufacture of paper 3 fishery training schools; 37 seedling nurseries; 4 mulberry farms; 8 common industrial workshops; 7 industrial apprentice schools; and 4 industrial training houses. State aid has also been given to 217 other schools, established by public or private enterprise. Five hundred miles of common roads have been completed, and fourteen hundred miles more, to cost \$5,000,000, are under construction. Telegraph offices have been established; and eight hundred miles of new telephone line will shortly be added to the long-distance system. The postal service has been greatly improved, and the routes now covered by a daily mail service amount in the aggregate to more than a thousand miles. Harbor improvements, to cost more than \$4,000,000, are under way at Chemulpo, Chinnampo, and Fusan, and when they are completed steamers of the largest size will be able to receive and discharge cargo without lighterage at any of these ports. A free public hospital has been erected in every province of Korea, and in the first five months of the present year the number of patients treated in these hospitals was eighty-nine thousand.

Varying Colors of Flames.
The varying colors of flames as they appear in a wood fire are due to combustion of the elements of the fuel. The light blue flames are due to the hydrogen, the white to carbon, the violet to manganese, the red to magnesium and the yellow to soda.

Howell: "Rowell married for money."
Powell: "Yes, and he didn't get enough to pay the minister!"

If a man's head is filled with wisdom he doesn't have to use his mouth as a safety valve.

The Unclasp Waltz.

The "unclasp waltz" is the latest novelty in dances reported from London. In it the partners do not clasp each other, but stand face to face, holding their arms out sideways, the fingers touching but not interlacing.

They do eight bars of the waltz in this relative position toward each other. Next the man puts his hands on his hips and the girl puts hers behind her back, and still face to face but not touching each other, they continue through eight more bars. It is the privilege of the man to reverse or not, under these rather difficult circumstances.

The Boston, with its new feature, "the 1911," is still danced, and so are the one step and the two step. Another popular novelty is the valse mazurka, dedicated to the Duchess of Westminster, by whom it was inspired. The valse des patineurs (waltz of the skaters) was introduced in London by visitors from Berlin. The partners, standing side by side, take hands criss-cross merely, and then advance, as you see skater on the ice, doing two neat glissades on the right and then on the left, swaying their bodies gracefully as they do.

All attempts to put down outbreaks of supererogatory in the ballroom have so far failed to remove the tendency of quadrilles and lancers to develop into something more nearly resembling rhythmic romps. But when we hear of the mayor of an eminently quiet district in France issuing an edict against a popular quadrille figure, the "Pastorella," because it "inflicts injuries on the heads of the dancers," it seems that there are more boisterous indulgences than even the kitchen lancers. -Ex.

The Standard Oil Company has again been fined some millions. How many oil-users will have to suffer this winter.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Indigestion.

If you are suffering from indigestion and the attendant distressed stomach, you should give Mi-on-a, the guaranteed remedy a trial. Mr. Wm. Shafer of 230 Queen's St. S., Berlin, Ont., says: "For years I have been a sufferer from acute indigestion, which caused the most distressing pains in my stomach. I decided to try Booth's Mi-on-a Tablets and they have done me more good than anything I have ever used. I am now more free from this trouble than I have been for years. I am pleased to endorse and recommend this remedy to all who suffer with stomach trouble."

Remember Mi-on-a Tablets are guaranteed to cure acute or chronic indigestion and turn the old stomach into a new one in a few weeks. All druggists 50c. a box or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

JOB PRINTING

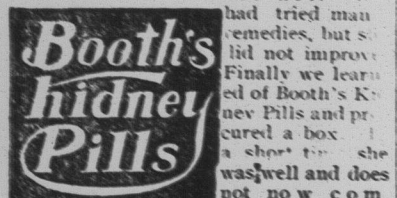
PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

6 Yea. Old Girl Cured of Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Alexander Moore, of St. James St., Oxford N. S., says: "Booth's Kidney Pills cured our little daughter, Christine, six years, of many symptoms of kidney weakness. She complained of a sore back, the kidney secretions were frequent and uncomfortable, especially at night. Her stomach was weak and her appetite poor. This caused her to have frequent headaches, and the least exertion would tire her. We had tried many remedies, but did not improve. Finally we learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and purchased a box. She took a few and she was well and she can play about her as usual."



Booth's Kidney Pills carry a guarantee that if you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Booth's Kidney Pills are a specific for all diseases of the kidney and bladder. Sold by all druggists. A box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.) Love laughs at others than locksmiths! He mocks the plans of sober business.

"The Great Trust Co. said: 'Go!' The girl pleaded: 'Stay.'"

The Great Trust Co.'s command imposed months of exile in the shadows of the big woods. The girl asked only for a few hours before that exile was begun.

The Great Trust Co. was impersonal and curt; a corporation with tentacles so far-flung that, though the soul of it was hot where its mighty schemes wrought in secret, its extremities, that did its will in execution, were cold and callous.

But the girl was not impersonal. Tears were in her eyes, though her lips pouted when he strove against her urgings. And she was so coy and small that he could have hidden her in his arms where she stood on the station platform — and with difficulty kept himself from doing so.

And, when her hands crept into his, he forgot the huge, cold, impersonal corporation, let the train go on without him, went home with her in that everlasting partnership of two — and lost twenty-four hours. And what twenty-four lost hours meant in the affairs of the men of the north-country he discovered after he had left the girl.

Harry George had some sort of excuse for not realizing what penalties this delay on his part incurred, for he had been waiting three weeks for the Great Trust Co. to decide on his application. But a young forester cannot be impatient.

The brain and heart of the Great Trust Co. are in Montreal. Granite and mystery surround. The mystery has many names. Its agents in the far St. John country know it as the Great Trust Co. It is said that, under other names to shield its clutching fingers, it reaches to grasp the water powers and to hold for its own the great forests of the nation.

When George answered its summons, he went up into the towering building on St. James street and found no mystery. He was directed to the one whose name he had given as a passport at the gate that closed the avenue of rubber matting. Beyond the door marked "Superintendent of Field Work," he expected to find — well, the Great Trust Co. personified in some degree, in flesh and blood.

The Hatless Little Man who waved him to a chair with a hand that held a cigarette did not seem qualified to dictate for the baronies of forest and mountain and lake and river.

"Mr. George," he began, and then picked languidly among the papers on his desk. The packet that he secured and flicked idly, as he talked, contained the forester's letters and credentials.

"Mr. George!" He snapped after the cigarette butt. "This Great Trust Co. have you been there?"

"No, sir."

"That will not make much difference in your efficiency as far as we are concerned." He tapped some pencil jottings on the back of George's indorsements. "I have ordered two of our explorers to meet you at Norway Junction; that's on the main line through to St. John. I have written their names here — Smart and Niles. They'll take you on to Corranche. That's your jumping-off place. Branch line and logging railroad. You'll outfit there at our company store."

The young man took his papers from the hand that extended them. "You will please understand, Mr. George, that as a practical forester you are cooperating with our explorers. Merely cooperating, I will say. They know more about present commercial values of standing timber than you do. It was plainly not to soften this blunt appraisal that he added: "There's old-fashioned woods-men, the kind that can go through a stand of timber on the log trail and estimate better with the eye in one day than a professional forester can with his callipers in a month."

George felt sudden anger, the dictum was so listlessly decisive. He went his tongue between his teeth, however.

"We've got men enough to tell us what timber is worth, standing. You are something of an experiment with us. We want you to go through with those men on the fly, and report your opinion as to the future; it isn't easy-will business with us, you understand. We could throw away a twenty-five-thousand-dollar sawmill a few years from now and not feel it. But a million-dollar pulp mill is a different proposition. That anchors us. We want your opinion of prospects, of needs in the conservation line, of plans for replenshing — what to take at present, and what to leave.

It's scout work, you understand. Legs and eyes. You seem to have good legs!"

It was the first time the little man had shown that he noticed the personality of this new servant of the Great Trust Co.

George flushed and got upon his feet. The reference to the personal seemed to indicate that the superintendent had finished his business talk.

"Then I am not to stop for actual plotting and measurements, sir?"

"Mr. George, we have a million or so acres bought, and more than a million under consideration. The word 'stop' doesn't belong with your job. We are hiring only a few pairs of eyes instead of an army of calliper chaps. The calliper fellow follows you when you have reported. Will you kindly pay very strict attention to these last words of mine? They're the important part of your instructions."

George, towering with his six feet of sturdy manhood over the little man who squinted at him, bowed.

"You are going into a queer place — the Great Trust country — where there happen to be strange conditions just at present. You are not to interest yourself in those conditions, or to waste time up there inquiring into them. You are to get into the woods as quietly as possible. You are to stay there. The fewer people who know just why you are there, the better. Keep your eyes on trees instead of human beings. Otherwise, you won't be of any value to us."

He pushed a button, and the boy had appeared. "Call at the treasurer's office on your way out. The boy will show you. Four expenses will be advanced. You can reach Norway Junction to-morrow night, if you start to-day. Our men have orders to meet you there."

George started that day. His celerity in getting out of Montreal would have interested even the Hatless Little Man of the Great Trust Co. From the telegraph office nearest to the big building, he sent two messages; the little man would have been pleased to know that he put business first — he ordered his trunk from his boarding house in Westmont, directing that it be put on the train that was to take him through that city. Then, he wrote a second message, lingering over it as though, trying to soften its brutal abruptness.

"Good news, had news. Am passing through Toronto on International to-day. The big folks have taken me. Can you come to station for a word?"

It was addressed to the girl.

Then, he raced to the Grand Trunk station, wholesome example for all young men — a faithful servant, who had heard, and who obeyed. Outwardly an example; inwardly, he realized and confessed to himself that the wings of haste were plumed principally for Toronto. And yet it was his firm determination to rush on. He told her so — confessed it to her in the first jumble of speech after he had greeted her on the station platform.

"But where — where sees this new work take you, dearest?" she asked, her upraised eyes brimming.

"North, under the big trees."

"A week — a fortnight?"

"Months," he owned, trying to smile.

"Months — months? And you dancing along on your way like this with only a part and a good-by for poor little me? Harry George, you get your coat and your bag, and come with me and ask my pardon."

"Mary, they have told me to go. I must —"

"I tell you you must stay. There is a to-morrow for your hateful old business. Months — and you ready to run away and deny to me a few poor little minutes — till to-morrow! Why, Harry George, can you stand there and look at me and repeat that you mean it?"

"But, me, are waiting. And, Mary —"

"I am waiting. I am here."

"It was then that she put her hands into his and pleaded. She did not listen to him. He had never found her willing to listen to the serious things of life. Life had not worn its solemn visage when it fronted her winsome daintiness. She had always laughed like a child and seriousness, and the matter-of-fact that takes care for the morrow, out of their dolours. He had wished sometimes — chiding himself for his New England prolixity — that she would listen a bit more patiently to his grave plans for their future, instead of insisting on playing butterfly among the flowers of their love. But Mary Larocche, transplanted from the South? He had always sighed, kept his counsel, surrendered his hands to her, and allowed her to lead him.

"Come," she cried, "oh, you big boy who would play truant! One clear you shall smoke after dinner with père. And then all for me, to tell me of the 'big woods and how you shall make the great fortune with — what do you shall live happy ever after. I will listen, this time. I will sit very close, maybe on your knee, and

listen; and, if your story is pleasing, you shall have, perhaps, the reward."

There were no tears in her eyes, now. She had been a bit shocked and frightened at his astonishing attempt to break through her last fetters. But now she was sure of him. She lifted his big hand to her lips as earnest of the promised reward.

More listless, more impersonal, now, seemed the little man back in the big office; the man who had been making him wait three weeks, and now sent him away like a rocket. Nearer, dearer, more delicious than ever before seemed this little girl, pressing close to him, regardless of envious passers-by, careless of the grins of porters. To the nearest of the girls turned, still clinging to her captive.

"Bring his coat and bag from the car," she commanded. "At once. Hurry!" And she reached up both hands, standing on tiptoes, and put her pink fingers over his lips. "You shall not go," she panted, "until you have left me love enough to last till you come back again!" And so he forgot the Hatless Man, forgot the appointment at Norway Junction, and went with her.

He remembered all of them in the night, after he had left her. That the woodmen would wait for him, he felt sure. He hoped they would wait without bothering the little man in the big office with inquiries over the wire. His Canadian conscientiousness told him that for a young man bent upon success his beginning for the Great Trust Co. was not one calculated to bring him congratulatory messages from headquarters.

To get those thoughts out of his head, he hurried his breakfast and hastened to the girl. They walked together in the fresh air of the August morning.

"I forgot much that you told me last night of the work of the forester," said Mary. "But if I remember, I do not like that work. You should have told me more — but it when you were studying in the college here."

"But you never would listen to me, if I talked about anything else than loving you," he complained.

"It would have been a waste of time to talk about anything except love," she returned, with a smile that cleared his face. "But if I had known that forestry was a work that would take you into the woods for months when you ought to be here with me, where a girl's lover should be, I certainly should have made you study something else. A girl must not be deserted. There's only a little while to be gay in, you big boy of mine, and a girl that's engaged must have eyes only for her own beau."

"Of course," he blurted out, realizing that he was selfish and jealous at the same time.

"Of course!" she mimicked. "Why should every big beau think that he must lock up the girl like a canary and carry away the key while he dances up and down the lands?"

"I'm not dancing," returned George gloomily. "I'm going away to make good for both our sakes. I ask you to wait and be patient — only that."

"And sit on the perch in my cage and chirp a lonesome little song!" She smiled brightly as she looked up at him, but there was bitterness in her tone, and something else that stirred vague uneasiness. He had hoped that his lady would pin her colors upon his breast and send him out to conflict with a heron's faith and courage.

"You do not seem to realize that I am doing it all for you — that I am sacrificing so much in leaving you."

"I understand, now, what you wanted me to do yesterday when you came dashing along, trying to run away from me. You wanted me to cry: 'Hurray! I'm glad you are going away from me for long months. I want to be alone. I want you to go into those great woods and suffer and be in danger. I want you to do all that — and do not stop with me for one little hour out of all the long months. Hurry away! Now, if I had said it, how would you have liked that, Beau Tortoise, with the hard shell?"

He admitted that he would not have liked it, but the admission rather added to his general discontent. It was only when he bade her good-by, that day, took his leave of her in the sanctity of the woodbine bower which their affection had consecrated, that the old faith and understanding seemed to spring into life again between them. For she wept bitterly once more the clinging, dependent little elfish whims had bewitched his Puritan senses. And he was again the protecting genius, loving her the more passionately the more dependent she became.

For most of his journey North, memory of that sweet abandon of her will and her loyalty to him kept him brave and about these other doubts out of his mind. Even her lack of perfect sympathy with his ambitions seemed a precious part of her winsome nature. And by dint of glor-

DEFIED THE KING OF SPAIN

Hurray for Princess Eulalie! She Defies a King! She "Won't Be Sat On" By Her Royal Nephew.

(Publishers Press News Service) Madrid. — Princess Infanta Eulalie has written a book advocating divorce. King Alfonso of Spain, on hearing of it, instantly telegraphed the princess, his aunt: "I order you to suspend publication until I have taken cognizance of the contents and give my permission to publish." The princess

wired back that "I consider myself, so far as my private life is concerned, free to act as I deem fit," and to her friends she declares she will sell her property and leave Spain forever rather than suppress the publication of her book. "I will not be sat on," she adds. "The only things I value are my personality and my work. I do not attach any importance to my birth, because I cannot help it."

The Princess, who lives in Paris, was the guest of Canada and U. S. A. in May, 1933, during the world's fair, representing the queen regent of Spain in the Columbus celebration.



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BUILDING OF A NEW DAM

Elephant Butte Dam, Biggest in America, to Reclaim Rio Grande Valley "The Land of Lost Hopes."

Engle, New Mexico. — Here, in this land once known as "The Land of Lost Hopes," the United States government is building what will be, excepting the Assuan dam in Egypt, the biggest irrigation dam in the world. Certainly it will be the biggest in this new world.

This dam, known as the "Elephant Butte," will convert the Land of Lost Hopes into the smiling land of fertile well-watered fields that it was 300 years ago.

For the upper valley of the Rio Grande del Norte wasn't always the arid waste that it is now. Time was when this country was covered with the crude but effective ditches of pioneer Mexican agriculturists and green with their gardens and vineyards.

But that was when the Rio Grande was an all-year-round river. That was before the folks of the Colorado valleys, where the Rio Grande has its sources, had begun to impound water on their own account.

Since 1886 the Rio Grande is as dry as a bone.

The dam will be 1400 feet long, 155 feet wide at bed rock and 245 feet high. It will take 410,000 cubic yards of concrete to build it, and it will take 350,000 barrels of cement to make the concrete.

The work is now well under way. It is the biggest irrigation enterprise now being pushed by the United States and perhaps the biggest engineering job it has on its hands, excepting the Panama canal.

MRS. BELMONT SINGS A SUFFRAGE SONG

New York. — Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont wife of the multi-millionaire, paid \$150 for a suffrage song, entitled "Victory" and selected by her from many submitted by musicians and poets in a prize competition. It is sung to the tune of "Glorry, Glorry, Hallelujah," and it is expected to become popular with suffrage organizations.

FOR CUP AND SAUCER

London. — At sale of the Nightingale porcelain at Christie's lately a Bristol teacup and saucer, painted with figures emblematic of Liberty sold for \$550. A hexagonal teapot and cover of Chinese enameled porcelain went for \$525.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you will have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever unless cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ont. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Distribution Of Seed Grain And Potatoes

FROM THE DOMINION EXPERIMENTAL FARMS 1911-12.

By instructions of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture a distribution will be made during the coming winter and spring of superior sorts of grain and potatoes to Canadian farmers. The samples for general distribution will consist of spring wheat (5 lbs.), white oats (4 lbs.), barley (5 lbs.), and field peas (3 lbs.). These will be sent out from Ottawa. A distribution of potatoes (in 3 lb. samples) will be carried out from several of the experimental farms, the Central Farm at Ottawa supplying only the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. All samples will be sent free, by mail.

Applicants should give particulars in regard to the soil on their farms; and should also state what varieties they have already tested and in what way these have been found unsatisfactory; so that a promising sort for their conditions may be sent.

Each application must be signed by the applicant. Only one sample can be sent to each farm. Applications on any kind of printed or written form cannot be accepted.

As the supply of seed is limited, farmers are advised to apply early to avoid possible disappointment. No applications can be accepted after Feb. 15th.

All applications for grain (and applications from the provinces of Ontario and Quebec for potatoes) should be addressed to the Dominion Cereals, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Such applications require no postage.

Applications for potatoes, from farmers in any other province should be addressed (in postage prepaid) to the Superintendent of the nearest Branch Experimental Farm in that province.

J. H. Grisdale, Director, Dominion Experimental Farms.

Parisian Sage.

WILL GROW MORE HAIR.

Parisian Sage will stop falling hair in two weeks — cure dandruff in the same time and stop scalp itch at once. It makes the hair soft, silky and luxuriant.

AS A HAIR DRESSING.

Parisian Sage is without peer. It contains nothing that can harm the hair — is not sticky, oily or greasy and prevents as well as cures diseases of the scalp.

Women and children by the thousand use it daily as a dressing and no home is complete without it.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.

Druggists and stores everywhere guarantee Parisian Sage and will refund your money if it fails. Ask druggist J. Sutton Clark what he thinks of it. He sells it at 50 cents per large bottle or you can secure it by mail postpaid from Gironex Manufacturing Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn Hair is on each package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

It is reported as most improbable that King George and Queen Mary, when paying state visits to foreign capitals, as is customary with European monarchs after coronation, will include Washington.

A tower that will rival the Eiffel Tower of Paris is to be erected at San Francisco for the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1912. It will be 850 feet in height, with a base of 129 feet high, making a total height of 979 feet.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

A large number of our subscribers are more or less in arrears, all of whom we would ask to kindly make a prompt remittance. This is a very small matter to the individual subscriber but when multiplied by the hundreds, it is a matter of quite large dimensions to the Editor.

The date under your address will inform all of the date they are paid up to. Remember 25 p. c. discount allowed when subscriptions are paid in advance.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

S. S. CONNORS BROS. will leave St. John for St. Andrews Saturday mornings calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Blacks Harbor, Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island and Red Store or St. George.

RETURNING leave St. Andrews for St. John Tuesday morning calling at Letete or Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Dipper Harbor.

"Tide and Weather permitting."

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. (St. John Agent)

Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co. Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

Manager LEWIS CONNORS Blacks Harbor, N. B.

Social Life in France

Frenchmen cannot live alone; there must always be a Eve in their Paradise. The bachelor party, which is a common feature in English social life, is unthinkable in France. How can men enjoy themselves without women? Women is their enjoyment.

It is only the cold Englishman who wants to leave his wife at home while he goes to play golf. The French man's first essays in the royal and ancient game are always accompanied by a feminine retinue—his wife, his aunt, and his mother-in-law. It is only when he makes progress in the game and realizes the niceties of its etiquette that he consents to separate himself for an hour or two from feminine society. Unless he plays advanced golf he will always prefer his wife's society on the links to that of a man.

That is why club life is impossible in Paris except club life of a special sort, involving baccarat for high stakes and appealing to a rich and leisured class. Yet in this case compensations are offered to the oftentimes godless momentarily abandoned while her husband goes to the "tripot." She is invited to weekly theatrical entertainments at the club, entertainments provided for, by the way, by the card money squandered by the men. And the exhibitions of all sorts that flourish at the clubs—nearly every one has some artistic mission—are so many occasions for the mingling of the sexes.

HYOMEL.

The Breathable Remedy for Catarrh.

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz, by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (High-o-mei).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if needed afterwards, costs but 50 cts. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip and refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Advertise in Greetings!

TIT FOR TAT!

(By Ada Thomas.)

(Copyright by Publishers' Press, Ltd.) Arriving home, after spending an evening with a married friend, Jack Merriman felt the loneliness of bachelorhood for the first time.

Jack had reached fifty, and only now had the desire for companionship come upon him in one fell swoop. His friend's wife was fluffy haired, tinkled the piano agreeably, lisped plaintive songs in a minor key, and set him thinking of the romantic side of life.

"I'll advertise," said he, being strictly a business man. "Must be musical," he wrote, "of cheerful disposition. Means not necessary, but desirable." Then he signed himself "Lonely," directed it to a matrimonial paper, and posted it with his own hands.

There were many aspirants—and some painfully eager—but it was the one signed "Blushing" that impressed him most.

Jack liked the tone. It sounded fresh and girlish, with a dash of straightforwardness that others lacked. He arranged an interview, still signing his nom de plume, "Lonely," in a railway waiting room.

Shortly after eight a lady answering to the description given peered in at the open door, but seeing Jack fled hastily, yet not before he had caught sight of her tell-tale volleys. He pursued and caught up to her just as she was making a rapid exit into Raleigh avenue.

"I beg your pardon," he said, touching her on the shoulder, "but are you 'Blushing'?"

"Yes," she answered, timidly; and indeed, she was for her dimpled cheeks betrayed it.

"I am lonely," he explained, "or rather, I was until you came." Then they both laughed and felt more at ease. That evening was a revelation to Jack. Before the night was over she had confided to him her history.

A pretty little wedding at a church in Farmington consummated their happiness, but before the ceremony took place little made a request. "I want to hold my position a week longer, May 1," she pleaded.

Open in all her dealings, on one point she had remained obstinate—that was withholding the name and address of her employer. "You will know one day," she constantly assured Jack, and one day, sure enough, he did.

In her little square cage in an office, perched on a high stool, sat Etie one hot afternoon. There was a temporary lull, and the tired, white-faced assistants were listlessly moving to and fro re-arranging their departments, whilst the suave shop walker strutted round like an Irish turkey cock.

"Now, Miss Morse, hurry up and put that dress material away. You seem to be half asleep." He turned to another. "Why did you let that lady go without purchase?"

"We had nothing in stock to match her ribbon, sir," answered the girl, penitently.

"Bosh!" he cried rudely, then stopped to whisper something to a lady more favored, who was loitering on the counter. It was an unwholesome scene, and one that Etie had witnessed from her point of vantage many times.

Cranford, the shop walker, was one of that low type that uses his authority for a base end, so girls came and went in quick succession, and it was an open secret why so many proved unsatisfactory.

Etie had turned in loathing from the man's advances, so he had bided his time for revenge. Now it had come, and seizing this slack moment, he marched up to her desk with a triumphant leer.

"You know the rules, and you've been late two mornings this week. Instantly dismissed by rights, but I'll give you till Saturday to clear out." Etie slid on to the floor from her perch, and, opening the office door, turned to face him.

"You will give me till Saturday. Then let me tell you, coward, bully and libertine, that you are, it is you who will go, not I, but instead of waiting till Saturday you go now."

Rage held him speechless for a moment, then he advanced threateningly towards her just as a newcomer arrived on the scene.

Etie gave a start of glad surprise, and went to meet—her husband. He started back in bewilderment, then a light broke in—he understood.

"I have had to discharge that man for his insolence, Jack," she said, pointing at the crestfallen shop walker. "My husband or I will pay the salary due to you as soon as your luggage is packed and you are ready to go," she concluded, walking past him to her office with the air of a queen. The man slunk away as Jack clinched her peremptory order with a decisive nod.

That same evening, as Etie sat at her piano playing a soothing melody, and Jack was desecrating the atmosphere with a fat cigar, she stopped to say: "Do you remember how I ran away from you at the station?"

"Perfectly well. I imagine you recognized me."

"Yes, dear." A slight pause. "But you don't know how glad I am you ran after me."

"So am I, darling."

"I suppose you think it was silly of me to go on working in your shop, hiding my identity and all that sort of thing?"

"Rather."

"But it wasn't." She rose and sat down on the rug by his knee. It was just lovely to go each day, knowing it was my darling old hubby's shop, and that no earthly power could sack me—to see that silly beast of a shop walker watching his opportunity to discharge me, and know all the time that I could afford to laugh at him. I felt so safe, so deliciously safe."

"Etie, you're crying." He drew her face towards him and looked anxiously into her glittering eyes.

"Yes, dear, but not for myself—only for those I have left behind."

BEEN SNEEZING LATELY?

Hay Fever Blamed But Few People Get Sneezes From Hay, and There's No Immediate Death Danger.

The alleged "hay fever" season is now operating on full time and sneezing is general to the land, notwithstanding the more or less earnest efforts of the members of the Hay Fever Association which is alleged to have been in operation on the American Continent for close on forty years.

Hay fever is never "caught," we are told. A victim must have the "tendency" to develop the sneezing habit. He may develop it at seven and he may develop it at twenty-seven; but if it is in him, he will develop it sooner or later, depend on "hat. There is something so dreadfully certain about hay fever that Doctors may claim to cure it. "The man who has had hay fever thinks they deceive him. Their assertions are delusions, and their cures are "swares. They may bewitch the awful explosions in one's bronchial tubes—corresponding to the explosions in the "charbonnet" of a gasoline engine—for a brief time. But as for permanent relief—never.

Still, there are some consolations in hay fever. It seldom gets worse with age and few people have ever been known to die of it. Now and then you hear of some stout person of appetitive tendencies being overcome by a paroxysm of sneezes, but after all that kind of person is apt to explode with fatal consequences, one way or another.

The facts of the matter are that people who have hay fever or asthma, which is often confounded with hay fever generally live to a ripe old age. They may sneeze on their death beds, to be sure, but the sneeze will not kill them. Some doctors are even disposed to the possibly cynical belief that hay fever is an indication of longevity.

One might go on through an almost endless list of remedies. Infections of alcohol, cocaine, menthol, adrenalin and margol, air heated by electric lamps, these and many other queer means of relief are all seriously considered, weighed, and endorsed or found wanting, according to the individual experiences of individual sufferers. For the queerest thing of all about hay fever, is the fact that it never affects an individual in the same way, and no relief, no matter how good it is, has ever proved any-thing like universal in its operation.

But, after all, hay fever any way you look at it, is not what it pretends to be, nine times out of ten. Very few people get the sneezes from hay, and as a conclusive and final indictment of hay fever, the worst that can be said against it is that it is not a native product. It slipped in long ago and it has propagated like the English sparrows. To be exact, in the days when this country was covered by forests, the hay fever, particular sneeze was unknown. The red men never did it, and the first generation of colonists probably escaped it. Not because they were "hardy pioneers." The hardy pioneers have always escaped hay fever, not because they were hardy, but because they were pioneers. But with the pioneers came the introduction of the poisonous cases, plants, flowers, and weeds, the pollen of which started the disease, and roads which gave off dust. And then...

Mr. X.—"Oh, I've been doing quite a round of calls, and I've been so unfortunate."

Mrs. Y.—"What everybody out?"

Mr. X.—"No, everybody in."

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Men's Overshoes, 1, 2 & 4 Buckle
Womens, Misses
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Gum Rubbers, Shoe Pacs and Oversocks
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Men, Boys and Youths

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NEW YEAR'S - - BARGAINS

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Over Shoes, Over Socks, Shoe Pacs and Gum Rubbers

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Semi. Crake of Back Bay was in town for a few hours last Saturday.

Miss Millie Wright of Beaver Harbor was in town on Monday for a short time.

H. H. McLean of Letete spent a few hours here on Monday.

Miss Agnes Chickard returned to Upper Keswick on Friday.

The 400 club met Wednesday evening with Miss Daye, and next week will meet at Edw. McGrat's.

Miss Alexander and niece who have been visiting with her brother Dr. Alexander during the past few weeks left for their homes this week.

Rev. H. I. Lynds, wife and family left Thursday for Welchpool, Campbell to take charge of his new parish at that place.

Edwin Hibbard left on Monday to resume his duties at the Bank N. B. St. John.

Miss Josephine McMillan is learning Telegraphy at the W. U. T. office here.

Oscar Baldwin is visiting at his parents here this week, it is rumored that he has been at Ottawa lobbying to secure a Judgeship.

Mrs. B. Austin and Mrs. Jas. Sheppard of Musquash were guests of Mrs. Fred McVicar during the week.

Women do all the work.

Of the natives in Papua a traveller says: "When the natives are young they are quick to learn, and can be taught almost any kind of work, and even up to the time of their marriage they are willing to learn. After marriage their ambition and intellectual development appear to cease, one of the reasons for this seem to be that the woman does most of the work, while the man being the superior animal can see no necessity for further exertion. He plays the part of her protector to perfection; while she digs in the garden he leans against a tree with his spear in his hand, apparently prepared to keep off intruders, but really because it is easier than doing the digging."

Salt Lakes in Britain.

The existence of salt lakes and deserts in Britain in pre-glacial times was stated by W. W. Watts, professor of geology to the Imperial College of Science, at the Royal Institution, to be shown by the peculiar geological features of Charnwood Forest, Leice tershire, says the Dundee Advertiser. It was by far the oldest landscape known in Britain today where the marl had been swept away by denuding agents the rocks protruded in peaks, and in some cases the rocks were harder than steel. The resemblance of the scenery to deserts in Arabia and Arizona, he said, went to show that in the pre-glacial period there must have been deserts in Britain occupied by salt seas.

The Enigma of Growth.

Six pounds and a half is the weight of the average child at birth; at the end of the first year the average weight is eighteen pounds and a half, a gain of 12 pounds; and at the end of the second year the weight is twenty three pounds, a gain of only four pounds and a half. And with each successive year the gain is less and less until maturity is reached. Why is the gain less each year? And why does it finally cease altogether?

The reason is that the absorbing surfaces inside the stomach and intestine do not and the nature of things cannot grow proportionately to the growth of the body as a whole. During the first year of growth the child's body becomes approximately three times as large as it was at birth, but the interior of the stomach and bowel of the child at the age of one year is not even twice as large as it was at birth, let alone three times as large. Yet all the nourishment which supplies materials for growth has to be absorbed by the stomach, and the small intestine. It is therefore plain that growth of the body as a whole must gradually subside as the tissues to be nourished gradually approach a size at which their demands balance the utmost supply of nutrition taken up by the stomach and intestine.

RESCUED FROM THE IDOL

By Angus Franthier

The sun was beating pitilessly down with that intense white heat that only those who have travelled in tropical countries can realize. The long white road was covered with a cloud of dust in which swarms of flies buzzed noisily while its entire length was taken up by a straggling mass of humanity, all pressing towards one goal.

And in the midst of this motley crowd a single European mounted on a stout pony, his pith helmet showing up with marked distinction amongst the rainbow-hued headgear surrounding him.

Dismounting from his pony at some distance from the entrance to a temple Roydhouse flung the reins to one of the numerous hangers-on who swarmed round him, eager to pick up a few annas; and proceeding on foot he strode toward the grotesquely-carved and gaudily-decorated portals of the holy place.

As Jack Roydhouse entered from one side, a long procession of priests trailed in from the other, several of them carrying lights that burnt with the same curious faint blue light. And as they advanced they chanted in a low tone some sort of doxology in praise of the deity they worshipped.

Suddenly waving their torches the lights flashed up brilliantly, revealing to Roydhouse's astonished gaze the idol he had come such a distance to see. Grotesque in the extreme, and yet so strangely weird that it was absolutely forbidding; whilst to add to its barbaric splendour it bore on its legs and arms jewels that would have been worth a king's ransom.

But it was the head that naturally attracted Roydhouse's attention. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes and gazed again. True, the face was hideous to a degree, with protruding ears and a long, beak-like nose. But the eyes! By what conjuring trick had those priests effected such a marvellous deception.

At the termination of the ceremonies, and when the worshippers began to file slowly out, Roydhouse, passing through the Hall of Columns, suddenly felt himself plucked by the sleeve, and a native woman, closely veiled, with one finger held to her lips, thrust a small piece of paper into his hand; then, disappeared from view.

Half a mile down the road he seated himself on a moss grown stone, and drew forth the strange note.

It read:—"I see you are an Englishman. For God's sake come to the south entrance of the temple at midnight. You may be able to rescue me from a living death. You will—"

There the strange letter finished. Evidently the writer had been interrupted.

Leaning against some palm stems and almost indistinguishable amid the luxuriant undergrowth, were the forms of two men.

"Keep quiet, man. See! the door is opening."

Roydhouse gazed intently in the direction indicated, and sure enough the small door had opened an inch or two. Slowly, and without any sound, it swung back, and it was wide enough to admit the passage of a female figure clothed in white.

For one second the figure hesitated; then, evidently recognizing the Englishman, advanced and he at once discovered that it was the Indian woman who had thrust the note into his hand.

"Tis even here, my lord!" And she woman as she spoke took his hand and placed it upon what he would feel was an iron-bound door.

"Tis through here I pass the mementos her food, and it was through here she gave me the letter to my lord."

Then, as though another door had been opened farther off, the sound of a chant came suddenly surging on his ear, and at the same instant a piercing shriek rang out, and a voice in unmistakable English called "Idol!"

Roydhouse blew out the lock with a revolver shot, and there, facing him, and struggling in the grasp of two priests, was what he might have taken for a human being, but for the head.

To his last hour he will never forget the sight—the tall, graceful form, the bare white arms, but the face, with its ghastly whiteness, its protruding ears and beak-like nose! Then in an instant the solution flashed across his brain. It was a mask similar to those he had seen used by the lamas in distant parts of Tibet, and darting forward he wrenched the scower from the hands of those who held her, and before they had recovered from their surprise, had snatched one senseless with the butt end of his revolver, and sent the other sprawling with a well-planted blow between the eyes.

With his knife he quickly severed the cords that bound the hideous thing, and as it fell apart there was revealed to his gaze the blue eyes and golden hair of Madie Fargiter, daughter of the Colonel, who had mysteriously disappeared some time before.

During the ride back to Faizabad, Madie confided to Roydhouse how she had been kidnapped by the priests, and being taken to the Rock Temple had been forced to act the part of an idol; and how, the body of the real idol being hollow, she was concealed within it with the exception of her head, which, enclosed in the hideous mask, was visible to the public gaze; and as her eyes were allowed to be seen, the priests had reaped an abundant harvest from the credulous natives who came to worship at the shrine of the Idol with the Living Eyes.

Mr. Merchant!

Your Ad. in this Space would be Read by buyers Just as you Read it.

Come Buy a Space!

Sanity and high heels.

There Is Close Relation Between Heels and Wit.

If anything could be higher than the Parisienne's hat, it is her heels (says the London Evening Standard). The low English heel has once or twice enjoyed a brief season's favor in Paris, but at heart the Parisienne dearly loves to add a cubit or so to her stature, and she achieves it, of course, with her beloved Louis XV. heel. Perched on stilts, with the foot at an impossible angle, "le footing" becomes impossible, and Madame seats herself in a cab every time she starts out for a walk. That is why her boots and shoes are always new. Someone has discovered that there is a close relation between the heels and wit. The conversation of the walker in low heels is trite and flat-bromidic, so to speak—but she who trips in high ones will soar unexpected altitudes of epigram and paradox. We know that

great wit and insanity are near neighbors, and the Germans putting the theory in practice, are treating madness with a bare foot regime. The contact of the bare flat foot with Mother Earth is expected to bring back wandering minds to an everyday plane, and the experiment is naturally interesting.

His Worry.

"Clarence," said the American heiress hesitatingly, "I think that you should be told at once how my father made his money. Our businessmen in this country have methods which to one of your pure soul, whose motto is 'Noblesse oblige' cannot but—"

"Cease," Mamie, cease," said the young lord reassuringly, "tell me no more. However he made his millions I can forgive for your sake. But—has he still got them all right?"



What "Semi-ready" Assures

You can judge the suitability of a suit—the fabric, fashion and finish of it—and know just how it fits your personality.

You can have the suit finished and tailored to your exact physique type—so that it will conform to any little peculiarity of shoulders or proportion of your body.

We can show you Suits and Overcoats at \$20 that will cost you \$30 to get their like elsewhere. Semi-ready Suits at \$18 with the "Signet of Surety" on them. At \$15, with satisfaction; at \$30, perfection.

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Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

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THE TONGUE OF SCOTLAND

Scottish Words Are Now Used Very Extensively in Every Day Use Though There Is No Indication to Make Serious Use of the Tongue.

Such direct imitation, however, is perhaps less important than the passage of many Scottish words and phrases into English use, a process largely fostered of late by some of the daily papers. Within Scotland itself the newspaper press is more Scottish in respect of language than it was a quarter of a century ago; and it is clear that few writers have now much dread of allowing an occasional Scottishism to slip from their pen. The leading weekly papers have long made a special feature of a Scottish column in prose or verse, and have thereby done much to support the humbler levels of a vernacular literature. In special cases these columns are even valuable for the number of local words and expressions they contain, and their frequent lack of literary merit is thus atoned for by their linguistic worth. On the other hand, it must be said that the newspapers have not always been sufficiently careful to distinguish the vernacular from the vulgar, and have helped to lower the popular taste in this respect.

Taken at its best, the literary standing of Scottish is thus in many ways a satisfactory one, and in some respects has been so high that certain limitations attaching to it are apt to be overlooked. At the most, no higher position can be claimed for it than that of a dialect, the use of which is confined to certain spheres, chiefly those which have the closest relation to common everyday life and thought. There is a great contrast here, if we look back to the days when Scottish was a real national tongue, when it was not in any way subordinate to English, but stood side by side with it, as Portuguese with Spanish, or Swedish with Danish. Before it can in any way recover its old position it must be cultivated for higher purposes than it has been in recent times. It is not enough to use it, however correctly or effectively, for the dialectic portions of tales or novels, while all the narrative and descriptive parts are in English. It is not even enough to employ it in poetry, whether of a light or serious kind; for poetic diction is a thing by itself, and affords no test of the practical value of a language. Of any such serious use of the Scottish tongue, however, there are at present no indications.

Jenny-Jack, you ought to make some sacrifice to prove that you love me, what will you give up when we are married? Jack I'll give up being a bachelor. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

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In Birch, Maple And Beech. ALL Kiln Dried Bored for Nailing And End Matched

HALEY & SON

St. Stephen, - - N. B.



"Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore."

The large display ads. are good for the large business and the Classified Want Ads. are proportionately good for the small firm. In fact many large firms become such by the diligent use of the Classified Columns. There example is good—start now.

WANTED

OLD MAHOGANY Round Tables, Card Tables, Chairs, Brass Andirons, Old Coins, Old Postage Stamps, Etc. Highest Prices

W. A. KAIN 116 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Paying Cash Pays!

Running an Account is very convenient at times, we readily admit; but you must have observed that when you run an account, you are very apt to buy many a thing you would go without if you were paying cash - things no doubt you could easily dispense with, without injury to yourself or family. And when those extra things come to be paid for - maybe you must then deprive yourself of other things that you actually need or at least go without them for a time, now "Paying Cash" enables you if you want to, to save money. Its very easy to "Charge the Goods" Its not so easy to "Discharge the Debt." So for economy's sake "Pay, Cash" And since we have adopted this Cash System we find it moving very satisfactory both to our customers and ourselves, your money will buy you "Better Goods and More of Them" than if we were making bad bills by reckless credit giving.

ANDREW McGEE - - Back Bay

BACK BAY

Thos. Mitchell has returned home after a two week's visit with his sister at Beaver Harbor. Mr. Carson of Eastport is visiting his sister Mrs. Mary McGee. Capt. Nell Oliver and Owen Hinds spent a few days recently in Eastport. Thomas and Vestley Mitchell attended the dance in St. George, Tuesday evening last, they report a good time. Edward Dean of Eastport is spending a few weeks here with relatives. Sch. Lloyd, Capt. Anderson of Nova Scotia was here during last week and discharged a load of apples. During the past week the following have been baptized, Misses Agnes Leavitt, Almida Leslie and Lillian Cook. Our school opened Monday under the management of the Misses Mitchell and Greenon. Misses Est-lla and Bessie Mitchell called on friends Saturday. Misses Violet Leslie, Mamie Hooper and Boynton Henley were the guests of Mrs. David Leggett Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Quigley and children are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Leslie. Mrs. Wm. Mitchell and daughter were calling on friends a few days ago.

MACES BAY

A dance was held in the Forester's hall on New Year's night, a large crowd gathered and all reports a good time. Ned Thorpe and sister Mrs. Charles Brown have returned home from Boston and Bath, Me., where they have been visiting relatives. Mrs. W. L. Cross and Mrs. W. Wadlin have returned to Beaver Harbor after visiting their parents and relatives here. Miss Bessie Mawhinney has gone to Beaver Harbor to visit friends. Miss Edna Craft has returned to St. John after spending a few weeks with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. John Snider and Mrs. E. Wallace spent Sunday afternoon last with their daughter Mrs. F. Mawhinney. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Snider of Little Leprau spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown. Miss Irene Mawhinney has returned to St. John to resume her duties after spending a couple of weeks at her home here. Mr. and Mrs. John Snider, Mrs. W. L. Cross, Mrs. Wadlin and Mrs. E. Wallace took tea at the home of A. Craft on Friday. Miss Olive Mawhinney took tea with Mrs. Fred Mawhinney on Sunday. Owing to the heavy gale on Tuesday the new piece recently built on the breakwater at Dipper Harbor has moved about 10 ft. from its position.

Dates back to Charles 11

Few women are aware that the word "miss" as indicating an unmarried woman, dates from the time of Charles 11. John Evelyn, in his famous "diary" writes of young girls as "misses" as they begin to be called. "Until that reign even a small girl was addressed as "mistress," like her mother. It was found, however, inconvenient to use so little distinction between a girl and a woman, and so the word "miss" was invented, as a diminutive of "mistress," servants retaining of the old form of address.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY THROUGH SERVICE TO Halifax and Sydney From St. John

Night Express Leaving at 11.30 P. M., Connects at Truro with the Morning Express for Sydney, and With Steamers Leaving Nth. Sydney for Newfoundland No. 26 Through Express For Halifax Leaving at 12.40 P. M. Connects at Truro with the Night Express for Sydney

Buffet Service on Night Express serving breakfast between Truro and Halifax Dining Car on Morning Express from Truro serving Breakfast and Luncheon

GEORGE CARVILL City Ticket Agent, St. John.

FRANCE AND SCOTLAND At One Time the Land of Cakes Had an Alliance with the Land of the Lily.

The France-Scottish League, so long bound the two countries in such intimate association, was formed not only for several centuries past its mark on the political history of France and Scotland, it made itself felt in their institutions and their culture, and there is no other instance in European history of such close potent, and long enduring a relationship of one nation to another. This unique relationship took its rise in the historical complication which at the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries made Scotland and France the enemies of England. But the marriage of Queen Mary to the Dauphin threatened to lead to the union of the crowns, not of England and Scotland, but of Scotland and France. This danger had the effect of drawing Scotland and England together in an opposition League, and coinciding with the growing potency of the Reformation movement, which brought the two countries into line in 1560 on religious as well as political grounds, practically put an end to the old alliance.

Of the influence of French institutions is also not lacking, Scotland took, for instance, her legal system from France, not from England. Her Parliament was modelled on the French States General, in which the various orders assembled together, rather than on the assembly of Lords and Commons which formed two Houses instead of one. The Court of Session, founded in 1535, was fashioned after the Parliament of Paris, and the pre-Reformation Scottish universities after that of Paris, the greatest of mediæval scholastic institutions. Not less remarkable is the French influence on her ecclesiastical institutions. From French Protestantism she borrowed her Presbyterian system of church government, and even in its smaller details the French impress is unmistakable. The Moderator of Scotland's ecclesiastical courts - Presbytery, Synod, Assembly - is an importation from France, where it was the designation of the President of an ecclesiastical court; whilst another term, applied to a motion in these courts, an "overture," is derived from the practice of the Parliament of Paris. At an earlier time ecclesiastical as well as baronial architecture affords additional exemplification of the tendency to borrow or adapt from Scotland's old ally.

OLD NICK'S COURTING

By Leo Throgmorten Copyright by Publishers' Press Ltd.

"It was the fair time, and Jess Babberton was for the fair. 'I'm going to get a sweetheart,' she says. 'I can't do wantin' a sweetheart no more. 'I'm tired of life, I be,' she says, 'wantin' a sweetheart.'" "Hark," says her mother, "you don't get a sweetheart just with sayin' that. When the right man comes, he comes." "But Jess was short-tempered then. 'I tell 'e I'm going to get a husband at the fair - if it's Old Nick himself,' says Jess." Jess went to the fair, but no one requested her company to see apples or cheese, or fat lady or thin gentleman, or any of the lucrative attractions. And to go and look at a double-headed boy all alone is hardly what one could call amusing. So Jess left the flare of naphtha lamps behind and started homeward, but when Jess appeared from a side road and asked her if he might keep her company on the way she did not flinch herself at him. She drew erect and said: "I don't know you. Where do you come from? I don't mind your face. Where do you live?" "I come," said he, "from walking up and down in the earth." At the gate: "Can I see you some other night?" asked the youth. Jess looked in his face freely - the face that she had been seeing so much in pale profile - and something prompted her then to say "No." So she said "Yes" with a sigh in her voice and a steekening leap at her heart. "And did you meet your boy at the fair?" the mother asked. "I'm glad you didn't come back with Old Nick over your shoulder," said the mother laughing to cover any sign of anxiety and watchfulness. "Tell Babberton he got a lover; she went out walking with him once a week to begin with. Later she went two a week, for her boy waited for her after evening church, as well as once in mid-week, and they strayed through the lanes, and he walked from banks under the whisper of leaves in the trees. "But curiously, though Jess had often enough met friends when "walking out" with her boy, no one ever mentioned him to her, and in our part of the world it is usual to say pleasant things to the lovers, and crave them when they are not offered. Jess's boy met her with great warmth. They kissed and clung to one another, and then turned to walk; but she caught him about the neck, and said she: "Oh, I love you more over time I see you. But I grow afraid."

"Why are you afraid?" "Tell me," she said, "tell me - are you true to me - in the name of heaven?" she asked with intensity. "Don't say that," he cried. "Why not?" she said. "Why can't you answer me? Why should you fear the name of me?" "But he walked from her. "I am true to you," he said, and then he kissed her forehead, and said in a hard voice: "I swear it!" And he kissed her on the cheek. But it chanced that the year had been passing as Jess spoke to her lover so, and he went on his way with a heavy heart, and next day he made a point of calling at the Babberton farm, manning to see Jess at least at her work. He spoke to her like a father - for she had no father - and asked her about the young man. "And the vicar was so kind that she told him all. And he questioned more and found out how she had said that she would get a sweetheart were it Old Nick himself at the fair. So the vicar stood thinking some time, and then formed a scheme and laid it before Jess very solemnly. And as they schemed, so they walked. Next time "the boy" came up the lane, Jess welcomed him and took him indoors and gave him the pleasure, fear to the male heart when it is in love, of seeing his sweetheart laying table for tea, preparing the fire, preparing the kettle. Then there came a knock on the door and the vicar entered. "The young man," said the vicar, "I am glad I happen to meet you here to-night, for I have seen you with my young friend Jess, and wished to meet you." "The young man frowned. "I am no enemy to youth's love," said the vicar, "and I am glad to see you here as a friend."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy. "I have just been and promised me her hand, and it's like well," he said, "I shall be pleased to unite any happy pair in holy wedlock," said the vicar, "and," he added, starting hard, "to bless you in the name of the Father and of..." "The boy" blanched and squirmed in his chair as with a seizure. And the resolute vicar concluded the blessing in the orthodox church way, which no evil spirit can withstand. "on that "the boy" gave a cry hardly human and rose to his feet. Said he wildly, his face transformed beyond all resemblance to that of a farm help he had been a moment before: "A blight on you!" And then he pointed to among the candles. "I give till that candle burns out, and then," he said, "I shall snatch away this maiden for ever." The vicar stepped to the candle, snuffed it out, and put it in his coat pocket, keeping a hand on it there, and then, raising his other hand, he said: "Get thee hence, Satan!" And the plough-boy, or whoever he was, rose and slouched from the place. And Jess was left without her lover. And years after, when the masons were repairing the old church they found a hollow stone in the wall, and in the hollow was a deed box with the old vicar's name on it, and in the deed box was a stump of candle.

Eight thousand people shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Taft at their January 1 reception at the White House.

London Advertiser: Punch pictures the Persian cat being mauled by the Russian Bear, while the British Lion looks on ruefully and says to the bear: "If we hadn't such a thorough understanding I might almost be tempted to ask what you're doing there with our little playfellow."

The fishermen of Charlotte county are entering upon preparations for next season with more than usual hope and enthusiasm. Not only will they have the foreign market for the product of their weirs, but with the large canning works at Chamcook which has been talked of for years but which is now about to become a reality, they will have an ample home market as well. Beacon.

A prominent provincial politician in a letter to the editor, referring to the need of united effort in the development of the province, says that what is wanted in New Brunswick today is "less partyism and more of the spirit of co-operation." We cannot help but think that there is a good deal of truth in the remark. If the effort that is now centered upon party was centered upon the province we would see greater progress, greater contentment and a greater spirit of fraternity than exists at the present time, all of which would redound to the public benefit. Beacon.

Incomplete returns of the New Zealand elections a few weeks ago indicated the defeat of Sir Joseph Ward's Liberal government. However, while the administration did not secure a majority of the members elected - 37 Liberals to 37 Conservatives being returned - it is believed Sir Joseph will be retained in power, for the present at least, by the four labor men and two independents supporting him. This cannot be regarded as a permanent arrangement, of course, and the probability is another general election is not far in the distance. -Ex.

Lepers not increasing.

"The leper colony in Hawaii has not grown any the last several years," says O. B. Thomas, of Honolulu. "In fact the number of lepers confined on the island of Molokai has been decreased by the discovery that some of them were not suffering from the disease. The district in which the lepers live is separated from the mainland by a high range of mountains, and the lepers have a regular municipal government of their own. They have their schools and their amusements and pursue their daily work as much pleasure and industry as the inhabitants of thriving villages."

The Key to the Situation. If you are looking for a situation a Classified Want Ad. is the key which will unlock the door to the private office of the business man. He is too busy to interview all promiscuous callers, but you can catch his attention and secure an appointment by a "Situation Wanted" ad.

\$600,000,000 Capital Brought into Canada

Toronto, Jan. 5. That \$600,000,000 of new capital has come to Canada, in the past eleven years as the result of immigration, is stated in the annual number of the Monetary Times. There hasn't been a quorum at the grocery since they put the cheese in a wire cage. No-body is ever ready for company.

LOCALS

It is expected the rink will open for the season to-day. The committee have had a lot of hard and disagreeable work during the past few weeks, which it is hoped is now over and a good sheet of ice can be maintained.

On New Year's day the boys of the St. George Band remembered their leader, Geo. McCallum by presenting him with a handsome pair of gold cuff links. Mr. McCallum has taken great interest in the band and has been untiring in his efforts for their improvement. During their parade on New Year's eve J. S. Clark presented them with a box of cigars.

Two departments of the school were forced to close for the morning session on Thursday, the account of insufficient heat, the glass registering only 37, the principals and Miss Moore's rooms. During the vacation some improvements were made that was hoped would have remedied this but evidently unsuccessful.

This week has seen one of the worst storms that has visited this part of the Dominion for some years, the gale reaching at times 83 miles an hour, on Monday night a heavy snow storm set in, which during Tuesday turned to a downpour of rain with the glass about 42 above followed that night by a rapid drop to 3 or 10 below by Wednesday morning and bright and cold weather still continuing.

Fortunately in the town and immediate vicinity no damage has been reported, on the bay and coast harbors considerable damage has been reported, the Dipper Harbor breakwater which has been under construction for some months was considerably damaged and two fishing schooners were sunk there. The Wispie, Capt. Harkins and the Paris, Capt. J. Campbell. Both vessels were at anchor and the crews who belonged in the vicinity were ashore at their homes. The Government has sent an engineer to examine into the breakwater.

(SPECIAL TO THE TELEGRAPH) Ottawa, Jan. 10. - St. John fares well in the estimates which were tabled to-day. There is \$1,000,000 for harbor improvements and \$1,000,000 to commence a new post office. The estimates were larger, totalling \$1,478,677, about \$10,000,000 greater than the last main estimates brought down by the late government. Among items of interest to Charlotte Co. are: St. George, public building \$5,000; Chance Harbor, improvements to breakwater, \$3,250; Dipper Harbor, extension of breakwater, \$4,000; Fair Haven, to rebuild pier head \$3,000; Lorneville, breakwater wharf extension and repairs, \$15,000; Mill Cove, wharf, \$3,200; St. Andrews, repairs and improvements, \$5,000; New dredging plant for maritime provinces, \$166,000, and for maritime province dredging, \$500,000; Quebec Bridge, \$5,000,000.

That the government intends to make good its promise to the Nationalists of abolishing the naval service, organized by the late government is indicated by the fact that the vote for the service is cut down a million and a third dollars. The late government voted \$3,000,000 for the service and the estimates tabled today provide only \$1,660,000. As the result of the census of the subsidy to pay New Brunswick is increased by \$16,614, and now is \$637,972.

Campebbello Man Found Dead in Gloucester Hotel.

Boston, January 8. An unfortunate case is reported in a despatch from Gloucester. Yesterday Wheelock Brown, aged twenty-three, of Wilson's Beach, Campebbello, was asphyxiated in Porter's Hotel, Brown, in company with his uncle, Emerson Brown, left their home at Wilson's Beach, last Thursday for a pleasure tour. Young Brown was to have been married on his return home. With some relatives he attended a theatrical performance. On Sunday morning the party secured lodgings at the Porter House. In the forenoon a strong smell of gas was noticed coming from Brown's room. The door was forced, and he was found lying on the bed. The gas cock was turned partly on. Medical examiner Quimby pronounced his death due to an accidental cause. Quite a sum of money was found in Brown's possession. Things worth while are more apt to come your way if you go after them.

Notice Of Election!

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday 23rd day of January instant, I will hold a poll for the Election of two Councillors for the Town of St. George to fill vacancy in Wards 1 and 4. The place of said polling shall be at the Town Hall and the polling will open at 10 o'clock in the morning and close at 4 P. M. Nominations for Aldermen will be received by me up to Friday the 19th day of January inst., at 6 P. M. No person who is not regularly nominated as the law directs, shall be a candidate. Polling will only take place in the event of more than one candidate being duly nominated for Aldermen in each ward.

Jno. C. O'Brien, Polling Officer. St. George, N. B. January 11th. 1912.

St. Mark's S. S.

At the annual business meeting of St. Mark's Church Sunday School held in the basement of the Church on Friday evening, Jan. 5th at which a large number were present the following report was presented: Number enrolled, 114; Average attendance for year, 78; Highest attendance Dec. 3rd, 95; Lowest attendance Sep. 10 41. Financial statement as follows: Balance on hand, Jan. 1, 1911-\$12.38 Receipts from Collections, etc., 71.35 Total, 83.74. Disbursements: For Supplies, etc. 48.58; For Missions, 17.40; Total, 66.98. Balance on hand Dec. 31, \$17.76. Officers of School, Sept., 9 teachers, Librarian, Assist. Librarian and Secy. Treas. Signed E. D. Harvey, Supt. Arthur Johnson, Secy. Treas.

Obituary

The death of Mrs. Margaret Catherine, Widow of Robert Giles of New River, Charlotte Co., took place at her home on Jan. 3rd 1912 at 8.15 p. m., age 57 years 3 months and 18 days. In the death of Mrs. Giles, New River has lost one of its best and most respected residents. She was a friend to every one and loved by all who knew her, and she always acted in church affairs, until a year ago when she was taken ill. She leaves to mourn one daughter, Florence, and one son Chas., both at home, also three grandchildren. Interment took place in St. Anne's Cemetery at Musquash Jan. 5th. Funeral services were conducted at the Church and grave by Rev. Mr. Whitney. Heaven retaineth now our treasure, Earth the lonely casket keeps, And the sunbeams long to linger Where our darling Mother sleeps. Though you are gone but not forgotten Never shall our memory fade, And our thoughts will always linger Round the place where you are laid. Son and Daughter.

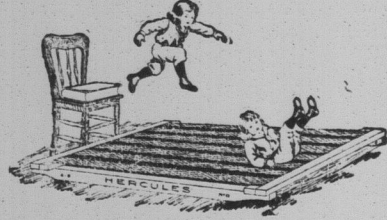
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REAL ESTATE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under the power and authority of a License issued out of the Probate Court in and for the County of Charlotte on the Fifteenth day of December A. D. 1911, to the undersigned, Patrick McLaughlin and Howard C. Traynor, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Bothwick, deceased, to seal the Real Estate of the said deceased for the payment of his debts, there being a deficiency in the person at property of the said deceased for that purpose, there will be sold at public auction at or near the Residence of Geo. Maxwell, in the Parish of Saint George in the County of Charlotte, on Tuesday, the 30th day of January A. D. 1912, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the lands and premises described in the said License from the Probate Court as follows:—

"All that lot of land and premises containing 100 acres, more or less, with dwelling house and out build, 'rugs thereon, situate in the Parish of Pennfield in the County of Charlotte, and bounded on the west by 'Letang river, on the north by land owned by William Johnson, on the south by land owned by Malcolm 'Mealy and the Estate of the late 'Percy Trynor, on the east by the 'road leading to Blacks Harbor', for the purpose of paying the debts of the said Thomas Bothwick, deceased, and the expenses of administering his Estate.

Terms announced at time of sale. Dated this 16th day of December A. D. 1911.

Patrick McLaughlin
Howard C. Traynor
Executors.

Fish Culture in Canada.

Hatching fish by artificial means to stock the waters of Canada is engaged in on a large scale by the Dominion Government. In 1909, the Dominion fish hatcheries planted no fewer than 1,024,282,000 fry in various waters throughout the country. In 1900, only 271,996,000 fry were planted by the Government fish hatcheries, so that the plant of young fish has increased from 12 to 37, or 208 per cent. Of the 37 hatcheries now in operation, British Columbia and Quebec have 8 each, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario, 5 each; and Manitoba and Prince Edward Island each have 2. The amount voted by the Dominion Parliament for fish culture purposes in 1909 was \$322,300, and of this \$180,345, or approximately 56 per cent was expended. The importance of carrying on this work can not be emphasized too

much in a growing country like Canada where the increasing population is making greater and greater demands on the fish supply.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lasing, in a tone of reproof. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinnah at Emphasis." Chicago Tribune

BAPTISED IN BLOOD

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By Andre Roche
Paolo Franzetti sat idle in his tent, his helmet and his sword beside him on a stool, and on a table before him a map and papers. Thin, sinewy, clean-shaven, it was only the few grey hairs among the black locks clustered round his brow that betrayed his age.

"A mercenary," he muttered. "She calls me that."
"A mercenary, bought by the largest purse, unfeeling vows and oaths, breaking with old friends and old loves as easily as a common soldier."
Where he first came from none save himself knew. He had fought under Colonne for Venice, and had looked to succeed that general in command of the Republic's troops. The Council of Ten had passed over his claims, and he went by open daylight to Ferrara. There he had been the leader, general of all the forces, the close friend of the duke, the lover of the duchess.

Now he sat under Cremona's flag, a dukedom in prospect, a fortune in retrospect. And from Ferrara to Cremona he had gone over in this night; not for fear of what men should say, but for fear of a woman's tongue.

The morning was dull and grey, the bright tents with their fluttering pennons showed up clearly against the sky. The wide open space in front of the general's tent was full of soldiers, who surrounded two men upon horseback. They were strangers to all but Franzetti, and he knew them for captains in the suite of the Duke of Ferrara.

The two heralds approached, and the elder spoke.
"I came from Ferrara to deliver into the hands of Cremona's illustrious general, Paolo Franzetti, this packet and this message: 'This outlawed traitor I send to Franzetti, a gift worthy of his estate. For I have found no priest so honorable that he will baptise the foundling boy.'"

So saying, he handed to Franzetti a bundle of swaddling clothes, in the middle of which appeared the red face of a little baby.

His senior captains had clustered round Franzetti. He spoke a few words, gave a few orders, and the word passed quickly round from mouth to mouth.

"To San Luca! To San Luca!"
Silently and speedily four thousand of his force swung into the saddle and marshalled on either side of the great square in front of Franzetti's tent.

"Gentlemen," he said, coldly and politely, "you brought me a child, unbaptised, and besought me to take charge of it. I will accept the charge on one condition: that you go with me to the baptism and stand sponsors for him. We have no water here, but over yonder by San Luca there is fire, and such a baptism were worthy of a no man's son."

San Luca's fortress was in sight, and to the right of Franzetti's little band were Ferrara's marauders, all

with their own little groups.
The horsemen of Cremona broke into a shout, and on command from Franzetti spurred towards them, a compact, irresistible mass. They crashed through the wavering lines, cutting a lane of blood, and tearing, ploughed their way back again.

"See, see, my son," cried Franzetti, holding the infant high above his head, "your cradle song, the shouts of dying men. Here I baptise thee. No Man's Son, and call thee Giovanni to honour of my mare Joan."

"What does it mean? What does it mean?" cried the general.
"The duchess fights with them. I have seen her, on a black horse."
"God and the Madonna defend her!" exclaimed Franzetti; and least his prayer should not be heard, he himself set off in search of her.

The defence had fallen back under the very walls of San Luca. Around a postern gate a little group fought steadily on. As Franzetti dashed into the midst of the group they broke and fled, holly pursued by twenty. By the gate stood a woman, tall, fair-haired, imperious of mien.

"You ride hard, my lord duke," she said, with bitter emphasis on the title.
"Madonna, you do me too much honour," he returned. "I am but Paolo Franzetti, general of Cremona's forces."

"A mercenary, a traitor, and a recreant," she added. "Good sir, in your mercy you forget not your titles." She leaned against the wall as though fatigued.

"Pardon, madonna, you have omitted one," he said after a pause. "I am also your son's father."

She laughed aloud, a bitter, mocking laugh.
"So the ruse succeeded," she cried. "You were deceived. Your simple vanity made you an easy prey. That village brat, brought into the camp two days since, Oh, Franzetti! your vanity has led you into strange beliefs. You—my son's father!"

"When you came nearer to her," "Ay, madonna," he replied. "And my son is the son of a daughter of France, for Louis the King is brother to Joan of Ferrara."

He drew her to him, and, holding her close, kissed her passionately.
"Paolo, Paolo! Why did you ever leave me?" she asked, and her voice was faint. Her head dropped and her bright hair glistened on his shoulder against the blood-stained mail.

"Why did you not come with me, Joan?" he answered. "The chance is given you again. Throw off the yoke of Ferrara, as I threw it off, and join me now."
"It is too late, Paolo," she replied. She spoke slowly and with difficulty. "When your horsemen strike it is hard, and this one struck from behind."

It was true. Her left shoulder had been pierced; the steel had gone through gown and corsage and flesh. "The little one. He was my son, and yours, the son of a daughter of France."
Her lips sought his, and they took their last farewell.

Kitchener a British Prisoner
Kitchener's ability in diagnosing himself has given rise to many stories true and otherwise, of this famous soldier. The following incident was told by one who served with the Essex Regiment in a campaign against the Derwishes.

"I was acting corporal of the guard over a large number of gentlemen of the desert whom we had taken prisoners. In the course of my rounds, a captive within the tent drew my attention, and I was surprised to hear in good English the request, 'Corporal, I wish to get out of this.' I, of course, reported the occurrence to the Sergeant of the Guard, only to be met with the curt reply, 'let the fool stay where he is.'"

I continued my rounds and was again met with the request. Again I reported the matter and this time the reply was as curt but a bit stronger, so I went on my rounds again.

As I passed the spot this time the voice from within said, 'Say, Corporal you are of the Essex Regiment?' I answered that I was and the prisoner said, 'Well, tell Mr. B. that I want to speak to him.'"

"What name?" I queried. "Kitchener," came the reply, and I at once reported accordingly to the Sergeant. He immediately made for the prisoner's quarters and I shall never forget that meeting.

The dishevelled 'derwish' was in reality the Lord Kitchener that was to be, who had been out spying among the enemy and had apparently been taken prisoner by his own troops.

TORTURING BY EAST INDIAN POLICE

In reply to an inquiry in the British House of Commons, the Under-Secretary of State for India made the grave admission that within the last six years there had been 37 convictions in the Indian police for torture, and that in 17 cases the victims had died. The majority of the cases occurred while the prisoners were in private custody. An amendment of the law to make this practice more difficult is to come next year. "But the amendment must be 'thorough,'" says the London Nation, "or 'the abuses will go on. In particular 'we strongly urge: (1) the abolition of 'confession as admissible in evidence' when made outside a court of justice; (2) the abolition of the 'practice of remanding suspects to private police custody.' The torturing is done, in every instance, by native men-

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bers of the police; and the practice is a survival of a once universal police custom. Suspects are often taken into private custody by police officers; and it is under such circumstances that confessions are extorted by violence.

Ten thousand dollars in United States bills, so faded and torn that they will be

sent to Washington, D. C., for redemption, have been found in a bundle that was worn for many years by Mrs. Mary Fasset, who died suddenly at her home in the village of Westport, Leeds county, Ont., recently.

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THE GREATEST PORT IN EUROPE

(Westminster Gazette.)
The project to connect Paris with the Atlantic by means of a ship canal between the capital and Roen is no new idea. Thirty years ago the celebrated engineer, M. Bouquet de la Grye, published a plan for a lockless canal from Poissy to Roen, which would be capable of supplying the Parisians with a quarter of a million tons of provisions daily. The Paris docks he proposed should be constructed near the Pont de Clichy, and he calculated that 120,000,000 francs would cover the whole cost. Last year the "Matin" revived this project of making Paris a seaport, and predicted that, once connected with the sea, in a few years Paris would become the greatest port in Europe.

With considerable dignity, the Spanish government declares that it accepts the result of the investigation which shows that the American warship destroyed in Havana harbor, at the commencement of the late war between Spain and the United States, was destroyed from the outside. The Spanish authority has no knowledge of the facts, and did not authorize any attack of that nature upon the American vessel. It hopes that the incident will be forgotten, that the Spanish government will not be permanently blamed for what occurred through no action taken by it, and that forgetting the past the Spaniards and Americans will rejoice in their new friendship and fellowship, and that peace will dwell among them. This is a paraphrase of what the Spanish government very well said.

What Drives Clerks Crazy.

"I want to buy a shirt for my husband. I don't know what size the neckband is, but he wears a six and one eight hat."
"My wife wants me to get her some ribbon to trim a dress. What shade do you think she would like?"
"My wife has got back from the east and doesn't like the overcoat I bought her two months ago. Will you take it back?"
"What kind of a necktie would my husband like for his birthday."
"Are those \$1.20 cuff links solid gold? If not, I don't want them."—EX.

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